



AN HONORABLE PRECEDENT

"BUT don't you think," said I to Miss Hewitt, "that the end justifies the means?" She shook her head. "Oh, no," she said; "that's Jesuitical."

"Well, now, here's an example," I suggested. "You are anxious to sell the contents of this stall, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes," responded Miss Hewitt. "And you would be delighted if some one were to come and buy it all up?"

"It would be of such use to the charity."

"Certainly," said Miss Hewitt, promptly.

"And would you Miss Chudleigh over the way?" I added.

Miss Hewitt looked at me with suspicion, but I'm sure I was very demure.

"Oh, it would be nice, of course, to be successful," she assented. "It would mean \$50."

"May I trouble you for another lot?" said I, feeling that I was bound to do something after that. "Thank you—strawberry. Well, as I was saying, if you could find a means of getting rid of all this, and thereby benefiting the charity by so much, you would feel disposed to take it, even if it wasn't quite—well—quite, you know?"

"I wouldn't do anything dishonest," put in Miss Hewitt quickly.

"Oh, I wasn't talking of anything dishonest," I protested. "I was only thinking that there might be other means, not dishonest, you know, but just a little—well, not quite conventional, you know."

"What sort of means?" asked Miss Hewitt, curiously.

"Why, now," said I, "you have sold very little all the day, haven't you?"

Miss Hewitt bit her lips, and a disconsolate look came into her face.

"While I've been here," I said, "you have only disposed of two pairs of stockings, one woolen comforter for the hot weather, and a sort of a kind of—I didn't quite see, but I thought it looked like a—"

"I know I haven't sold much," broke in Miss Hewitt hastily, and with a slight accession of color. "You have only bought a few leas."

I looked meditative. "So I have," I said, feeling that another call was made upon me. "I wonder if I might—no; perhaps better not. I suppose you haven't such a thing as a baby's perambulator, Miss Hewitt?"

Miss Hewitt was not amused; she had only an eye to a bargain. "No," she said, eagerly. "I'm afraid I haven't; but I've got a very nicely dressed cradle, and some rattles—and—"

"Ah," said I, shaking my head. "I'm afraid it's not old enough for these things."

She sighed and glanced across the way, where Miss Chudleigh was engaged in a roaring trade.

"I think I might have one more lot," I said, very bravely. "It was not so very hard, after all; the heat was very great and they soon melted."

Miss Hewitt was very nice about it. "Are you sure you ought to?" she asked, doubtfully.

"Miss Hewitt," I said, "you are much too scrupulous. That is the reason of your failure. And yet you would have sold me a cradle and rattles with perfect equanimity, knowing that I am a bachelor. The inconsistency of your sex is a puzzle," I remarked, shaking my head.

"Oh, but I didn't think about that," said she, with a blush. "I only thought you wanted—"

"Come, then," I said, "what would you do to get rid of all your articles of commerce?"

Miss Hewitt's eyes opened. "Oh, if I could only do that," she exclaimed. "Well, how far would you be prepared to go for it?" said I, insinuatingly.

She paused. "I'd—I'd give up the ball, to-night," she exclaimed, impulsively.

I shook my head. "I have no means of gauging the value of that renunciation," I said, thoughtfully, "but possibly it is greater than the one I know which would enable you to sell your stall."

"Oh, do you know a way?" cried she, breathlessly.

"Why, certainly," I said, still reflectively.

"Mr. Randall, tell me," she pleaded, clasping her hands and putting her elbows on the stall. She looked eagerly into my face. I really had no notion until that moment, but somehow her action put it into my head.

"Have you ever heard of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, Miss Hewitt?" I asked.

Miss Hewitt leaned, staring at me for a moment, and then a look of intelligence came into her face. Her color started and she moved away. "I don't think you should make that kind of jest," she remarked, disdainfully.

"It's not a jest," I answered, reassuringly.

"Then you're all the bolder," she returned, refusing to be busy with her commerce.

"But," I said, in perplexity, "I don't see—I only asked you if you remembered the Duchess of Devonshire—the one that what's-his-name painted, you know?"

Miss Hewitt was much embarrassed;

of such an act of self-sacrifice in these days?" I asked.

"Of course," said Miss Hewitt, watching some people go by with great interest, "if—if they only—only pretended to."

"But if there was an accident?" I ventured. Miss Hewitt apparently did not hear this. "Do you really think," I persisted, "that a woman—a girl, would do a thing like that?"

"She wouldn't—she couldn't—of course, the Duchess did not let it pretend to be done—in—before any one else."

"Not, for example, in a room like this," I said, looking around the bazar. "How then?"

"Afterward," murmured Miss Hewitt, bending down to pick up a pin, I suppose.

"Oh," I said, "she would only promise then?"

Miss Hewitt said nothing. I rose. "Well, I am afraid I must be really going," I said, holding out my hand.

"I think if she were really honest she would have to keep her promise," said Miss Hewitt in a low voice.

I looked at her, but she was not looking at me. "I think you have given me two waltzes to-night," I observed.

"It isn't very generous usage."

"I'm sure it's quite enough," said Miss Hewitt, firmly.

"Well, at any rate, let us sit out the second," I suggested.

Miss Hewitt looked at me in surprise. "I thought you liked dancing?" she said, innocently.

"Oh, sometimes," I said. "But we might have a talk in the conservatory. It's sure to be very hot."

"Do you think it is?" said she. "Certain."

"Oh, we'll see," said she nonchalantly.

I turned to go.

"By the way," said I, leaning on the stall confidentially, "shall I leave you the \$50 now? And then you can send the things to the hospital at once, you know."

Miss Hewitt avoided my eyes.

"I didn't know—," she began, and broke off. "Perhaps it would be better," she murmured.

I offered my hand.

"To-night then," I said. She did look at me at last, but it was quite by accident—just the sort of accident that happened in the conservatory.—Black and White.

SMUGGLING WITH SNOWBALLS.

Clever Ruse of Russian Soldiers to Hoodwink Customs Officials.

Until within recent years the Russian frontier on the German boundary was guarded in a surprisingly weak manner for a nation so completely under military rule as the Czar's great empire. But now there is a strong cordon of garrisons only a few miles apart and a careful patrol service between them.

The chief duty of these garrisons is to prevent smuggling and the introduction of all other literature into Russia. The duty is hard and monotonous, and the Czar does not like to have his best trained and most effective regiments sent out along the boundary line.

For the most part these garrisons consist of young recruits from the eastern and central provinces of Russia. They are seldom expert soldiers, and the lax discipline they are under is further weakened by their excessive drinking. Their small pay is doled out to them twice a month, and every kopeck of it is immediately expended in vodka. After the vodka is gone they employ their spare time in making raids across the boundary line into the German farm yards to supplement their meager rations.

Along the entire boundary line between these two countries there is a series of great open plains. Over these an icy east wind blows in winter, and the only way the soldiers can keep alive on their patrol is by the building of wood fires between the posts. Even then the patrols frequently have their limbs frozen in their monotonous marches to and fro. Hence it is not at all difficult to smuggle across the boundary, and indeed it is suspected that the soldiers often add to their small pay by making deals with the smugglers and turning their heads the other way when they pass by.

Two very novel attempts were made last spring by the smuggling fraternity, both of which proved successful. In one case late one night a band of men in German began snowballing some villagers on Russian territory, and the Russians returned the attack. In the snowballs thrown from Germany, however, yards of fine Brussels lace were concealed. The method proved most successful, for even the secret police did not discover it, and the guard of the frontier certainly had no idea of what was going on. Quite as efficacious was the bringing in of thousands of all-hill proclamations through Silesia under the very eyes of the garrison. These proclamations were in the hollow staves carried by a body of men who passed themselves off as pious pilgrims entering Russia on a sacred journey.—New York World.

Highly Honored Women.

Two illustrious English women who celebrated this year the seventy-fifth anniversary of their birth are Florence Nightingale and Jean Ingelow.

The heroine of the Crimea is a tall, gray-haired woman, with fine, open face that has a nun-like serenity. She is inclined to be stout, while Miss Ingelow, the poetess and novelist, is smaller and less robust of physique. Each is the object of much attention, though from the nature of her career Miss Nightingale has been the recipient of more public honors. Perhaps the most remarkable event of her life, to regard it from a worldly point of view, was her refusal of the testimonial of £50,000 offered her after the Crimea war.

Young Tutter—Miss Clara, suppose that to-morrow evening I should call again, and having served myself up to it, suddenly, while we were conversing, I should without a word throw my arms around your neck and deliberately kiss you—what would you do? Miss Pinkerly—Oh, Mr. Tutter, don't ask me to look so far ahead.—Brooklyn Life.

"Jack writes that the steamers were so crowded that some of New York's swell set had to come over just as their grandfathers did." "How does he mean—in sailing vessels?" "No; in the steerage."—Brooklyn Life.

When a physician hits a man's case on the third guess, the people feel that he is the smartest man alive.

F. O. VIERLING, President.
Chicago Rubber and Mill Supply Co.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
FINEST QUALITIES OF

**MECHANICAL
RUBBER GOODS**

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

GENERAL RAILWAY AND MILL SUPPLIES.

Pure Oak Tanned Leather Belting.

312 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO.

Telephone Harrison 515.

The Best of Everything for Chicago.

**The Civic Federation
OF CHICAGO.**

Telephone Main 2502. 517 First National Bank Building.

WILLIAM T. BAKER, President.
BERTHA MONROE PALMER, First Vice President.
JOHN J. McGRATH, Second Vice President.
RALPH M. EASLEY, Secretary.
EDWARD S. DREYER, Treasurer.

The Civic Federation Aims to Focalize All the Forces Now Laboring to Advance the Political, Municipal, Philanthropic, Industrial and Moral Interests of Chicago.

Each Branch of Work is Placed in the Hands of a Committee of Specialists, Committees Now Being at Work on the Following Lines:

1.—POLITICAL. The selection of honest, capable men to govern the city. State and municipal legislation for Chicago. Honest elections. A general interest in the primaries.

2.—MUNICIPAL. Clean streets and alleys—prompt removal of garbage—improved urban traffic—less smoke—more water—honorable police—cheaper and better accommodations for the people of Chicago in all directions—elevation of railroad tracks, etc.

3.—INDUSTRIAL. Establishment of Boards of Conciliation, Public Loan Bureau, Employment Agencies, etc.

4.—PHILANTHROPIC. Development of the Central Relief Association to a thorough systematization of the organized charities of Chicago.

5.—MORAL. The suppression of gambling, obscene literature, etc.

6.—EDUCATIONAL. Ample school facilities—improved methods in teaching, and the development of a greater interest in the schools by the parents.

M. F. GALLAGHER, Pres. JOHN C. SCHUBERT, Sec. and Treas.

**THE
GALLAGHER FLORAL CO.**

FLORISTS

FLOWERS AND DECORATIONS.

Wabash Ave. and Monroe St., and 185½ Michigan Ave.

TELEPHONE MAIN 2355. GREENHOUSES, 5649 WASHINGTON AVE.

SIMON COGHAN. P. J. WALL

**SIMON COGHAN & CO.,
ROOFERS**

Office—341 Thirty-first St.,
Near State St.

Yard—3229-3231 Lowe Ave.

TELEPHONES: South 925. Public, South 740. Chicago.

**THOS. KELLY,
REAL ESTATE AND LOANS,**

3622 S. WESTERN AVE.

Not an Imbecile.

Before his death Montford went through the form of a conversion and made his peace with the church. When the priest asked him: "You probably in old times uttered many pleasanties against religion?" "No," said he coolly, "I have been accused, and justly accused, in my lifetime of many vices; I have never been accused of being an imbecile." Montford was an inveterate gambler; one day he had a quarrel with some people he had been playing with at cards. He flew at Talleyrand in a state of great agitation. "Would you believe it," said he, "they threatened to throw me out of the window!" "I have always advised you," said Talleyrand, very quietly, "never to play cards except on the ground floor."

Franklin MacVeagh.
Wayne MacVeagh.

Rollin A. Keyes.
Walter T. Chandler.

Franklin MacVeagh & Co.,

IMPORTERS ...

Manufacturers and Jobbers

OF

GROCERIES.

Wabash Ave. and Lake St.,

CHICAGO.

W. M. HOYT COMPANY,

WHOLESALE GROCERS!

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF

TEAS!

Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7 & 9 Michigan Ave. and 1 to 9 River Street,

CHICAGO.

Gladiator Cycle Works.

Manufacturers of High-Grade Wheels.

The GLADIATOR.

Factory, 109 to 115 West 14th St.,

FRANK WENTER, Pres. CHICAGO.

HORN BROS.

Manufacturing Co.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Furniture.

...Fine

281 Superior Court, ...Chicago.

AL. SAMUELSON. ED. C. WESTMAN.

SAMUELSON & WESTMAN,

DEALERS IN

Furniture and Carpets,

Stoves, Office Desks, Mirrors, Etc.

Picture Frames Made to Order. Repairing on Short Notice.

143 and 145 East Chicago Avenue.

HENRY STUCKART,

DEALER IN

FURNITURE

Carpets, Parlor Goods, Crockery, Chamber Suits, Lace Curtains and Shades

Telephone South 382. 2517-19 AROHER AVE.

WILLOW WARE

Wholesale Grocers

111 COR. WATER & LA SALLE STS.

CHICAGO